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## EDUCATION AND INSTRUCTION

In considering the question of education, it is necessary to continually insist on the difference between education and mere instruction. Instruction is a weak substitute for experience; it offers from outside subject-matter for the memory, and supplies a knowledge of the data of which it treats, only under the conditions under which it treats of them. Education enables profit to be drawn from experience, it cultivates the powers within the mind, and trains them to make use of data under all conditions; it includes within itself the advantages of instruction and goes much further, for by quickening the powers of reason it accustoms the mind to obtain fresh data for itself. Brutes, such as the parrot and the white mouse, can be *instructed* to perform tricks; but society with man has *educated* such brutes as the dog to a certain kind of lower intelligence, resembling the human. To teach children the tables of weights and measures may be quoted as an example of pure instruction; for it is surely not worth while at this date to try to derive education from them. Reading and writing may also be taught purely instructively; it is only when they are taught by comparing the forms and elements of the letters that they are taught educationally. A child may be taught to read and to write perfectly, and yet remain totally uneducated to the end of his life; for he may never read any book which can help to develop his mind, and writing is not of itself educational, for it may be confined to chronicling the stammerings of an idiot. For a great many years we have been pretending as a nation to take a deep corporate interest in the education of the poor; with this object we have oppressed them with cruel educational laws, and spent millions of money. With our characteristic confusion of thought, and in accordance with our indefinite morality, we regard Education Acts and the expenditure of money as synonymous with education. Other people, more intelligent and less confused in thought than ourselves, do not pretend to educate; they merely insist on instruction, and they provide it in an adequate form. It seems as if their greater sincerity enabled them to provide more than they promised, while our perfidy prevented our providing what they provide comparatively easily. It is very doubtful whether any State could educate; none, though governed by men of the highest education, has ever yet succeeded in doing so. Yet we offer education at the hands of a State which grows yearly even less and less instructed. Anyone among us, who is a trifle less muddle-minded than the rest, knows that what we force on the helpless, under pain of imprisonment, has no resemblance to education, and is merely a very inferior and expensive form of instruction. Nor do we care whether the instruction provided is effectual or no, so long as it looks effective. It sounds moral and domestic to declare that little girls should be taught to cook, in order to help their mothers and wean their future husbands from the public house by the more solid allurements of the stomach. We provide elaborate cooking-stoves on which our children are taught to perform. The Belgians, on the contrary, teach their children to cook food. They provide, in their schools, stoves of the simplest type that is found in poor cottages, with raw material such as is used there. Their little girls are then taught to cook well such dishes as

are served at home; when they have cooked them they dine off them. They are also encouraged to bring from home clothes for mending, and material for making, and are taught to mend and make the garments which they wear. In England, an army of kindly ladies are impelled by their own charity to spend in their own houses many hours in teaching plain sewing to girls who have passed the seventh standard, and pupil teachers whom the State ironically calls qualified. If the food cooked in our schools had to be eaten perforce by the educational authorities of the State, and the garments made by the pupils worn by their wives the poor would soon be better clothed and better fed. In large centres a fine show must be made with the variety of subjects taught; a powerful class, referred to later, demand it. Among other subjects superfluous to the poor, physiology is taught. Devoted people who know the slums tell us how terribly early sexuality appears in the *maladif* infants who herd there. School physiology, therefore, descends only to the waist, and ascends no further than the knee, otherwise it might shock some political "conscience" or other. At any rate, avoiding this subject, we should like to know what proportion of the children who go through the course of physiology keep their bodies free from vermin and brush their teeth. History and geography are taught in all schools. The Lord Mayor was recently scandalised because boys of fourteen and fifteen did not know the situation of Gibraltar. What proportion know, out of school, the name of the current Prime Minister; whether it is necessary to cross the sea in order to reach France; and whether the Romans were in England before the reign of Queen Anne? After a course at a Board School it is generally supposed that the Roman Catholics crucified Christ shortly before the Reformation. The continual complaints of the mal-instruction of the children need not surprise us, because the same defects are found in their teachers. They have been instructed for examination and never educated. They can read and write grammatically *at their school-desks*, just as little girls can sometimes cook at the school stove. Outside the curriculum they are hopelessly at a loss. Cynical managers make little collections of illiterate communications which they have received from masters and mistresses highly qualified by the State. It would be cruel and unjust to charge a deserving and persecuted body of men and women with incapacity. There is a very large number of teachers who have contrived to educate themselves, in spite of the waste of their time and health in cramming the mere instruction which the State demands.

Those who are loudest in demanding State education afford by their practice the strongest evidence of its incapacity. They never deliver their children to its care, if they can afford to have them taught elsewhere. In his pretended zeal for education, the militant Non-conformist asserts a conscientious objection to paying rates which partly support primary schools of the Established Church. How many have any objection to sending their own children to be educated at either of the great secondary schools of the Church, which will raise—as they think—their social status, so soon as they can afford to pay the fees? The local minister will strain his narrow income to pay for his children's instruction at the Church's grammar school rather than accept the free instruction offered by the State.

Though he knows that the instruction provided at the grammar school is probably not so well systematised as at the primary school, he fancies that the education is better, and he has an instinctive preference for the grammar school on that account. Constant efforts are made by those who profit most, financially, by "Free Education," to accommodate the teaching of the free schools to their own requirements, without regard to the greater necessities of the really indigent. Small tradesmen, working men earning good wages, and the like, could well afford to pay the small fees formerly charged in primary schools, and did so willingly. Large numbers objected to free education, as akin to pauperism. The State has pauperised them, and in their favour continually renders the schools less useful to the really indigent, who most require instruction. If the vast sums of money spent on the luxuries of teaching, such as cooking stoves, pianos, and "physiology," had been spent in providing many more cheaply provided schools, which actually trained children to read, write, sum, wash, sew, bake, and boil, the misery of the unprotected poor would be far less than it is. At present thousands of children of the poorest classes are forced to tramp long distances wretchedly clad and fed, in order that a large and expensive school may be supported, which is of no good to them. These wretched infants are sacrificed for the benefit of the privileged and pauperised class immediately above them, the class which above all others, tyrannises over them and oppresses them. The attendance officer is drawn from that privileged class, he is appointed by them, and is afraid to report them if they keep their children from school. He has no fear of the lowest class, and unless he is a man of rare humanity he exercises over them the tyranny which the law enjoins upon him. Under the cruelties of compulsory education the children of the lowest class die off. It is better for them that they should die, than live and be tortured. But they die in order that the children of the small shopkeeper and the well-to-do working man may have opportunities of learning to draw and play the piano. Compulsory free education was one of the most dastardly frauds ever invented by the tyranny of a popular State. Those who invented it did nothing to provide the only means by which it might have benefited the indigent—namely, by supplying free food. As reformers of their stamp always are, they were afraid to assert the natural rights of man. They left the children of those who were useless to them as possible constituents, to be fed and clothed by private charity. The class also that reaps the profits of free education has been in no hurry that public money should be spent on food which they do not themselves require. Now that they have discovered means of extracting the cost from others, they have become amazingly generous.

These matters give an example of the difference between the laws of Christianity and those of the infidel state. Christianity gives first the right of liberty and livelihood to every man, and most to the helpless and defenceless. The infidel state first places an intolerable burden on the helpless under the pretence of benefiting them, and after nearly forty years doles out their rights to them at the hands of their most inveterate persecutors.

B. P. S.

### OF EDUCATION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS. ATHLETICS AND SO FORTH

THE EDITOR of THE ACADEMY has asked me to write an article on these subjects for an Educational Supplement. I imagine his idea was that my views would be inept and foolish enough in their ignorance to amuse the experts to whom an Educational Supplement appeals.

I was, unwittingly, as it were to sing a comic song after the serious speeches at the educational banquet. Really I have rather a respect for my opinions on these as on other matters, and should think it rude if people, expert or not, laughed at them. In one regard, however, the Editor (if that was his idea) was right. I have no expert knowledge "up to date": my experiences are of twenty years ago: therefore no one need take me seriously enough to be annoyed if I am heterodox. No doubt things are immensely improved since my day. We English have been improving ourselves so much in all sorts of ways. Look at the splendidly efficient and economical force our army has become in the hands of Messrs. Brodrick, Forster and Haldane. Look at the magnificent machine for transacting business that has been made of the House of Commons. I cannot doubt that our public schools also have become almost perfect. The masters, it is probable, have all learned the difficult art of teaching, and the right mean has been found in everything. So my desultory remarks can have but a retrospective interest, or if by any wild chance my pen should light on any still existing errors they will be remedied before the ink on it is dry.

But I know I am abominably heterodox. First of all, I have grave doubts of the wisdom of boarding schools altogether. I have gotten much obloquy in private for saying this, but I maintain that to take children of thirteen or fourteen away from their homes for three-quarters of the year, to remove them from the exercise of their natural, intimate affections, the rare softening influences of mothers and sisters, must in itself be bad. If they are naturally hardy and self-reliant, they are just those children whose characters most need those influences; if they are sensitive and shrinking they run a risk of being spoiled and perverted among coarser natures. I do not speak of direct bullying, of which there was comparatively little even when I was a boy, and which no doubt has now disappeared altogether, but of the continuous exposure, without any remission to a gentler air, to the hard, *banal* tone which is necessarily the average. That evil would, of course, be greater in the preparatory schools, except that they are smaller and more individually controlled, and the nature of the average children in them is gentler and kinder; that at least, was my experience. Of course I know the answer. The splendid qualities of Englishmen are due to the public school training; look at the long roll of eminent men, and so on. It is poor logic. Since the overwhelming majority of boys belonging to the well-to-do classes have been sent to public schools, and the overwhelming majority of opportunities for distinction have been absorbed by those classes, naturally the majority of eminent men have been to public schools. Then, look on the other hand, I am told, at the weaknesses of men who were not sent. Yes, but my dear illogical champion, they were not sent precisely on account of some weakness. And amid the splendid qualities of Englishmen I seem to detect some general faults which may not impossibly be due to this training. No, I do not wish boys to be molly-coddled or prevented from finding their own level, but all that can be attained at a day school without the unnatural separation from their homes. I much regret that the fetish-worship of fresh air has taken so many schools from cities, where homes are near, to the isolated country.

I regret it for another reason also. One, perhaps the best, gift of a public school is the sense of belonging to a great institution, with ancient traditions and memories. But the traditions of a school are local; remove the school from its place and they are forced and more or less of a sham. A Harrow boy may glow with pride when he sees the name of Peel or Byron cut on his desk, but if the desk were carefully carried

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away to another part of England would it be the same thing? He might almost as well be an American who had bought it. I know that I could feel little sense of association with the great men who were at my public school when it was an ancient grammar school in London, since in my time it was practically a new school in the country. And I regret infinitely that my preparatory school, which was in a beautiful old house with a beautiful old garden in a London suburb, a school which was full of names and traditions, has been removed to Eastbourne—Eastbourne! But I dare say the gentleman who wrote rebuking me for appreciating London suburbs thinks Eastbourne much more genteel.

But I must say my little say (since I am asked) about the education in public schools in a more technical sense. There are no snakes—no, no, I don't mean that. But really and truly the average boy used to be taught astonishing little. I was a bookish boy and got into high forms and was coached for a scholarship, and remember with gratitude the assistance to good taste and real understanding of the ancients I received. But the average boy. . . . People used to say that too much of Latin and Greek was taught him. Too much Latin and Greek! He could hardly make out the simplest sentence in either language "unseen" when he was done with. Mark you, I am on the side of the classics emphatically. Translating into Latin or Greek is a mental exercise which no modern language can give, because you must deal with ideas and not mere words. Culture must begin at the beginning; there is no complete grasp of a literature, or even language, so saturated with the classics as ours unless you learn them first. But the poor average boy learned next to nothing of the classics or anything else, and when he emerged from the University with a pass degree was, for a professedly educated person, perhaps the most ignorant being on the face of the earth. I once said to a distinguished public school master (very rudely, I admit) that all, in all those years, that the average boy learned might be taught him in three months with private and individual care: he replied with indignation that even a clever boy would take six. I stuck to my number. But all this is of the long ago, and the present generation must be very different. Or, perhaps the *tabula rasa* for a mind was a deliberate ideal and may therefore be continued?

I am inclined to think it may have been so, because in my day schoolmasters used cheerfully to say that it was not what a boy learned in school, but what he learned out of school, that was important. In other words, cricket and football were the objects of his education. It was a theory like another. I dare say there was much to be said for it; only if I had been a parent I should have been inclined to remark that if all the boys learned was what they taught one another the fees for tuition were rather high. My objection, as a boy, to the theory was in the corollary, logically enforced, that cricket and football should be compulsory. That went far to make my public school days a burden to me. I had no aptitude or taste for those games and hated having to play them. And really I think the theory had some ill results in practice. Training for the body was necessary, of course. Compulsory gymnastics for half an hour a day would have been all very well; we did not have it. Perhaps every man should be able to swim, ride and shoot, and those arts might wisely have been taught us: they were not. But to be compelled to spend hours upon hours over mere games, whether one liked them or not, was really absurd. Besides, cricket, at least, is a game that *can* only be enjoyed by the efficient: as a rule only about half a dozen of the twenty-two players got any fun out of it, and the rest had simply to stand about and watch—not, I am convinced, the best possible education for

anybody. And then the athletic snobbery that followed—the deference shown by masters and boys alike to the successful athlete, the complete indifference to the scholar! Surely, unless all mental progress, all that distinguishes man from the other animals, is a mistake—perhaps it is; I have no wish to be dogmatic—there was a mark of decadence in all that. And again, were the self-reliance and initiative which are the boast of Englishmen, and which public schools are supposed to do so much to implant and conserve, really advanced by a system in which no moment of the day was left to a boy's natural taste and inclination—unless his taste was for two particular games?

But this is *crambe repetita*, I doubt, and out of date in its facts. I could but draw on my personal recollections. There is compensation for most things, and if in my time the life at a public school was a little cramped, and dully frivolous, and banal, with what joy one escaped to the larger interests and emotions of a university! It is sad to be a heretic on the question, and not to share in the glorious school-day memories of other men. Let that be my sufficient penalty, O indignant schoolmasters!

G. S. STREET.

### A NEGLECTED FACULTY IN YOUTH

THE temptation to write violent things against our modern educational system is very strong. Every person who is a more or less restive officer in the army of education feels impelled from time to time to direct his own dart at the very obvious and ample target of present scholastic methods. Unfortunately, though there be no lack of reformers armed with weapons of destruction, there is a great dearth of reformers who are capable of replacing the existing clumsy structure by something better and safer. Educational "experts" are very far indeed from presenting an undivided front, and so the present faulty system must continue until it is swept away by the irresistible onset of a fully united foe. Of the many questionable effects produced in our boys by our rigid scholastic *régime* one, at any rate, is more familiar to the schoolmaster than to the layman. I allude to the gradual deterioration of the imaginative faculty in boyhood. Educational authorities who sit in high places loudly lament that the average composition of the average public schoolboy is unvarying in its utter cheapness, want of originality, and lack of imagination. And these people are quite right, but they do not seem to realise that it is they (and not the subordinate schoolmaster) who are really responsible for such a state of affairs. It is the schoolmaster's duty to prepare his boys for the examinations which are to help them to earn their own livings; he must, therefore, turn neither to the right nor to the left, but keep ever before his eyes the great commercial goal at which he is to aim; if he allow himself to lead his lads over any but those narrow flowerless tracks laid down by the various examining bodies his boys will fail to reach the desired goal, and he, poor man, will have to reckon with that fiercest of tame animals—the irate parent. The faculty of imagination is unequally shared by mankind, but, in a greater or lesser degree, it is present at some period—usually that of early youth—in all of us. It is the most delicate, most easily blunted feature in the human psychology. And now, thanks to a coalition of injurious influences, it seems fated to extinction in all but the most abnormally gifted. Our sledge-hammer process of impregnating the schoolboy with the unlovely, unstimulating facts of history, mathematics, and science (to say nothing of the soul-deadening effect of compulsory athletics) is resulting in the total abolition of this faculty in the

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The best guide to a fresh and effective style is a strong and free imagination. Not long ago this was vividly demonstrated to me. I set six boys (of the average age of twelve) an essay on a subject frequently given in some form by examining bodies—the Colonial System. Of course, I had to prepare their ground by a brief preliminary lecture on the matter. No notes were taken of what I said. The

result in each case was an almost startling reproduction of my own expressions and treatment of the matter. No one had written a single original line. As a test of memory their effort was splendid; as a test of originality it was disgusting. A little later I let the same six boys write on any subject, in which each took great interest. One wrote on country life, another on pet animals, two on the qualities of their best friends, and two on the comparative advantages of being a boy rather than a girl. I rose from the perusal of those essays with a delicious sense of freshness and knowledge gained. That time, at any rate, the grit of commonplace did not blur my mental eyesight. I realised that even yet in some boys there lay a store of imagination and originality only waiting to blossom at the truly sympathetic touch. Of course, there were faults of punctuation and occasional crudities of style, but through all the uncouthness of clause and paragraph there gleamed the inner light of an intense devotion and zest which irresistibly communicated itself to the reader. Each boy (reassured by my request that he was not to suppress anything for fear of its being thought "silly") had allowed his imagination to transmute the dead material of his theme into something idyllic and ideal. Those who wrote about their friends had suffered their ideals to transform and glorify the real; he who wrote on country life had in quaint fashion caught the very aroma of Nature, and, as it were, woven it into the texture of his halting, rough prose; those who discussed the comparative merits of boyhood and girlhood had contrived to invest their theme with an exquisitely unconscious irony and humour. In permitting the boys to write on themes near to their hearts I had for once let them realise themselves. And where our cast-iron system would (and often does) make many boys the grotesque incarnation of officially-approved opinions and text-books, it is, indeed, something to be able at times to reach in them unsuspected depths of freshness and sweetness.

But, alas, the essay is practically the only remaining opportunity for schoolmasters who desire to cultivate this officially despised gift of imagination. Who can conceive Geometry, Latin, Grammar, Greek Prose, History, Précis-writing, Mechanics, and kindred subjects of an "up-to-date" curriculum as fit or tempting spheres for flights of the imagination? And, since our arrogant examining syndicates are now hemming in the area of English Prose Composition, there seems to be no room anywhere for the exercise of the most wonderful of all natural gifts. Gone are the receptive plastic minds of children who could delight in the wonders of the "Arabian Nights" and Grimm's strange lore; gone are the eyes of innocent amazement, and in their places is the unchildlike stare of a cold insatiable curiosity. How are we to quicken the withered imagination of a young generation swayed only by merciless logic? By appealing to the interesting speculations to be derived from a strictly mathematical survey of the possibilities of fourth-dimensional space? How absurd!

Truly, the tragedy of modern youth is not its youthfulness, but its premature age.

WILFRID M. LEADMAN.

## EDUCATION AND THE UNEDUCATED

It is hardly possible to read the newspaper for many weeks in succession without being confronted by some delightful remarks about the older universities and their system. Perhaps some idiot parent writes to express his conviction that Latin and Greek are of but little use in the City; possibly some young budding

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virgin of the press, who is acquiring the first principles of the Gospel according to Peter Keary, warns Oxford and Cambridge that unless they set their archaic house in order and grant degrees and honours in Business (otherwise common swindling) they must go. Or, possibly, the field may be changed, and some Hermit of Mount Carmel may startle hundreds of thousands of readers with the discovery that the curriculum of the County Council Schools does not make a lad a good plumber or an expert carpenter. In each case the concealed hypothesis (which is taken for granted) is the same; and, roughly stated, it is to the effect that education is that process which enables a man to get on in life. This, of course, is nonsense and confusion. Education is a mental and spiritual training; it has no relation of any sort to the matter of technical instruction, whatever the technique to be acquired may be. A man may be a perfect plumber and be uneducated, another man may be a supreme violinist and be uneducated, a third man may manage a bank with the most exquisite skill and the most delightful grace and yet be wholly uneducated. Let it be understood, then, once for all, that apprenticeship to a craft has nothing whatever to do with the process by which a man is enabled to realise his own true self, to become what he was intended to become in the interior sphere of things. Oxford may be or may not be a home of true education; but the fact—if it be a fact—that Oxford does not fit a man for a Stock Exchange career must be set aside at the beginning of any inquiry as to its educational merits as wholly impertinent. On the other hand, the "Board School" education may or may not be bad and mischievous; but, at any rate, it is not the business of the Board School to teach the Art of Scavenging, and any allegations to that effect are *nihil ad rem*.

Then, there is another point. Owing to a very unimportant discovery, now dating back to some four and a half centuries, we have got strangely confused ideas as to the instruments and subject-matter of real education. This discovery of the art of multiplying copies of a book at a cheap rate by the use of movable types has somehow given birth to the crazy notion that a man who can read books is educated, while a man who cannot read books is uneducated. Anyone who likes to take the trouble of thinking will see that this proposition is quite ludicrously false. If it were not false, then the "illiterate" Greeks who listened to the bard reciting the *Odyssey*, the Jews who heard the prophecy of Isaiah, the country folk who knew a whole library of goodly and noble ballads were all uneducated; while young Guppy in the train with his sheets of "yellow" intelligence, his sheaves of *Snippets*, is educated; and young De Vere, pale with his study of the *Guide to the Turf*, is also educated. This is so clearly a ridiculous and intolerable proposition that one wonders how it can ever have been advanced, and yet it is of some antiquity. The venerable and pompous band of Scholar Boobies who made much of Burns at Edinburgh, and helped to ruin him for life, were, clearly, under the impression that they were educated and that the poet was uneducated. This was the marvel to them: here was a man who could "make" very well indeed, there was no denying it; and yet he had no degrees or honours from any university whatever, knew no Greek, no Latin, and only the most elementary French—just enough to sign himself *Ruisseau*. In fact, Burns had read very few books in any language whatever: *therefore*, said the Boobies aforesaid, he is an uneducated man. Hence their wonder, as at some strange prodigy and sport of Nature; they stared at poor Burns as others might have stared at a Learned Pig or Mathematical Magpie. The real fact was that the *Literati* of Edinburgh were, for the most part, wholly uneducated, while Burns was a very highly-

educated man, not on account of his smattering of school instruction, but rather in spite of it. He would have been a greater man still, in all probability, if he had never been taught to read printed books; it was from books that he learned that it was proper and "poetic" to call the sun "Phœbus," it was the study of books that set him to writing his weak and stilted imitations of English poetry, it was the study of books and the company of men stupefied with books that caused him to despise the real university that he had attended—a stool at the feet of an old woman who knew the "auld sangs" and the ancient tales, and all the legends of the old, vanished Scotland. There is, then, no necessary connection between "book-learning" and education; many men have been educated in the very highest degree who could not tell B or Beth or Beta from a bull's foot.

Of course, in the days when the great majority of men were really educated, education was not so much in books as in the whole structure of life; it was "in the air" that they breathed. A man not only went to the theatre and heard the *Œdipus*, not only listened to the story of the Wanderings of Ulysses, not only heard the Fairy History of Herodotus declaimed: he lived in a land undefiled by the devil temples called factories; he saw on every side the gracious dwelling-places of the gods; he joined in his village rituals; he could wear a wreath without feeling that he was making a fool of himself; he saw in all Nature a wonderful operation of unseen and mysterious forces; his eyes could almost see the gleam of the white naiad in the brook; and the oak boughs rustled with the feet of the tree-nymph; in the depths of the wood there lurked Great Pan; there were Powers in the clouds and Powers in the mighty deeps; on the mountain-tops present Deity was enthroned. Wonders and mysteries were about all his ways; his eyes beheld beauty, and his lips uttered beauty. This was an "educated" man; and till people learn that all these "old fables" tell infinitely more of the real truth of things than their sixpenny manuals of chemistry and biology; nay, that the whole effect of the one is Truth, and that the whole effect of the other is Lies—they will remain uneducated, in spite of their manuals, or rather, because of them. It is not that these little books are technically incorrect—they are probably quite truthful as far as they go, or till next year or so, when their theories, such as they are, will be entirely overturned by some new discovery. They would be quite useful little books if those into whose hands they fell understood that they were merely the fanciful and pleasing dreams of "scientinc" men about the appearances and outside skirts of the universe; but unfortunately the statement that gold is an element is taken by most readers as a final and eternal truth—and the result is, naturally enough, great mental confusion, as the readers in question imagine, not that they are in possession of a questionable statement which may be shattered to dust in to-morrow's paper, but that they know all that is to be known about gold. It is as if we were asked for a description of a Turner, and replied by giving a detailed chemical analysis of the various pigments employed by the artist, assuring the inquirer at the same time that he now understood all that there is to understand in this or that masterpiece. So, if we would be educated, we must pitch the sixpenny manuals into the fire (not into the dust-bin, lest the scavengers become corrupted), and summon back the nymph to the brake and the dryad to the oak.

Or there is a still better way, since there was a time in which men had a finer education than any that Greece could afford. So far as the Gothic cathedral is exalted above the Parthenon, so much higher was the standard of education in the Middle Ages than in the days of Pericles. I am not sure whether it is still

necessary to bring forward evidence as to this proposition; one knows what a stupendous and absurd paradox it would have seemed to Macaulay. Macaulay, of course, thought that the age of real education, of true enlightenment, had only just begun in his own time. From his point of view all creation had been groaning for countless centuries under a dark pall of ignorance; the Greeks were almost as bad as the people in the Middle Ages—neither the one or the other had so much as thought of the steam engine; all history had been but a sort of groping, a long and weary setting of the scene, till at last the curtain went up on a blaze of light, on the Whig Administration, and on the passing of the first Reform Act. The schoolmaster was at last abroad, as Macaulay's fellow-lunatic observed, and real history was just going to begin. Alas! we have "stepped up" since then, in response to the blatant showman's invitation, and we have found the show by no means answerable to the pictures painted outside. I think it is now hardly necessary to argue *this* point; I think it is fairly well agreed that the man who calls the period c. 1200—c. 1450 the "Dark Ages" is an ignorant ass. One may say that during this time man approached very nearly to the state to which he has been called; that in the chief work of that day—the cathedral—he realised most perfectly the image of the world—a vast place of splendours and glories, of heights and of depths, of descents and aspirations, of shining light and abodes of darkness, of ringing bells and chanting choirs, of glowing martyrs in dyed vestments, of strange and hideous grotesques; and all designed for worship. Those who made these places were educated, those who bowed down in them were educated; and so great a spirit moved then on the waters of the world that not only the altars of the Most High, but the commonest things of common life showed some gleam from the Inmost Shrine. The barns, the hovels, the bowls and platters, the pot that hung over the farmhouse fire, the very nails that studded the doors—all the things that this age made are now objects on which we barbarians look with longing; and if we have money we pay artists and skilled artisans to imitate for us, as well as they can, the work of the mediæval blacksmith and carpenter. If we could have a little village church, just as it was before the "schoolmasters" of the Reformation began to be abroad, the wealth of an American millionaire could hardly purchase it; it would actually be a commercial asset of enormous value. It seems to me unlikely that any future age, however dark may be the period of besotted and blatant ignorance that is before us, will wish to spend countless millions on the acquisition of "Dr." Clifford's Meeting House. These men, then, I think we may call educated; these makers of beauty, these dwellers amongst sculptured loveliness, these men who made the images of the Eternal Glory. Even "business men" might pause and reflect, for it seems that in the long run it pays not to be a Brute, that there is actually "money" in being a man, instead of being a wretched slave-driver and stink-factor and erector of "free" churches which blaspheme the sun and the sky and the flowers and the light of day in their stones as in their doctrine.

It would be, perhaps, too much to say that education in any real sense is utterly impossible at the present day. We can see from what has been said that it must be a work of enormous difficulty; for any true teaching that can be given from books or from word of mouth is straightway contradicted and annulled by the whole atmosphere and circumstances of modern life. How can we truly learn beauty if our days are passed for the most part in a horrible orgie of hideousness and corruption? How can we expect a "factory hand" to realise the beauty, the wonder, the mystery of anything whatever when his whole life is passed in some

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soul- and mind- and body-destroying occupation; when his daily work is hardly more intelligent than that of the cogs and endless bands and poison vats which he has to supervise—and his only holiday is made up of a nightmare called “t’ coop,” washed down with much adulterated beer? A man who lives such a life can see nothing and understand nothing; he has, not by his own fault, but by the fault of his masters and spiritual teachers, fallen again from Paradise; and, so far as one can see, his one idea of happiness is to turn out his master and become master himself—which is about as foolish and futile as if one proposed to regenerate America by seeing that every adult citizen became a millionaire. One discovers but little hope for such men as these; and the so-called education that is given them is probably but the adding of fuel to the flames of their burning—it is a giving of a picture gallery to a blind man. It was shown some weeks ago in THE ACADEMY that the result of more than thirty years’ compulsory “education” had been the creation of a race of ferocious and degraded brutes called Hooligans. Why should we expect any other result? We should not dream, I hope, of insisting on a typhoid patient eating a hearty meal of roast beef, greens, Yorkshire pudding, and potatoes, with apple tart and Stilton cheese to follow; the whole washed down by a pint or so of strong ale. We have done a more deadly deed than that, however; and perhaps some of us may live to see the result of our ignorant and malignant folly.

So much for the education of the people who work with their hands, of the poor—worse still is the case of the rich. The poor have many ills to endure; but they have nothing quite so bad as the Great English Public School System. The County Council claims only so many hours of their lives every day; it does not shut them up for months at a time in accursed barracks, and indoctrinate them with a poison called “the tone,” or “the ethos.” Poor boys who are sensible make haste to forget the farrago of useless information that they have been compelled to acquire, and devote themselves to their craft, whatever it may be, with such relaxations as street-gambling for halfpence and an interest in “all the winners” to make life endurable. One hopes that there are very few children of the County Council who in after life remember anything whatever as to the height of Mont Blanc, the course of the Dnieper, the date of the invention of gunpowder, or the difference between a calyx and a stamen. But the public school boy does not escape so easily. It is not that he is burdened with learning, useful or useless; he does not worry his friends by repeating Greek choruses in a rapt undertone between the courses at dinner; he does not speak the French tongue with such second nature that his replies to casual remarks are often couched in that language; his knowledge of English literature would be counted in championship points as —100; his perceptions of art are about as keen as those of a hippopotamus, and his acquirements in theology would expose him to the derision of the eight years old child of a Spanish farm labourer. Let us do justice to the system; the public schoolboy’s master has brought the art of not teaching anything in particular and of doing everything in the wrong way to such an exquisite pitch that very few boys leave their school with any ideas worth speaking of on any subject whatever. Everything in this way has been done that mortal wit can compass. Not only has the lad been “taught” the classics in such a rut that he comes quite early to regard Latin and Greek as mere pits of destruction from which horrible and tortuous puzzles of grammatical construction are exploded by the master; not only is he curiously and thoroughly purged of the idea that Greeks and Romans were human beings who wrote (sometimes) wonderful and splendid literature: not only is he instructed in

French to such purpose that he can neither speak it, understand it, or write it. All this is great, but it is not enough. The beautiful things in English literature are seized on by “the dear old Head”; brave, roaring plays of Shakespeare, such as *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—things full of life and action and clanging swords and wine and tavern gaiety and the supreme blackguardism of Falstaff and his followers—all this the schoolboy receives in a little book encrusted with the laborious filth and rubbish of many notes. At every line the wretched lad finds his interest annihilated by some horrible command to “cf.” something with something else not a bit like it; with those noble Agincourt speeches, celebrating the memory of Crispin Crispinian comes a hideous drench of Franco-English history; Pistol cannot pour out his wonderful rodomontados without the miserable annotator speculating as to where and when he picked up his vocabulary, and the boy is lucky if the fooleries of Dr. Caius do not lead to a lengthy and futile dissertation on the founder of Gonville and Caius. It is done and done thoroughly; the pupil acquits himself brilliantly in that Chinese Lunacy called “the examination,” and firmly resolves never to open a Shakespeare for the rest of his days. All this is granted; nothing is omitted which may convince the boy that all learning is a disagreeable folly, and that literature is one of the most tiresome of the many forms of “rot.” In ten years’ time the average public school man has shed all the useless catalogue of facts and dates and notes that he has been forced to stuff into his brain.

But, unfortunately, there is much else that he cannot shed. It is easy enough to forget the date of Agincourt and the rules relative to the optative and the *oratio obliqua*. It is not so easy—it is very difficult indeed—to eliminate the poisonous stream of cant, humbug, lies, and devil-worship which is injected day after day into the wretched inmates of these public schools. The infernal cultus of success and money, of “getting on,” of “making good friends,” the entire and absolute absence of anything remotely resembling real religion, the positive presence of the grossest materialism, of the vilest ideals: these things stay. It is bad enough that two hundred and fifty pounds may be spent yearly for eight or nine years in the manufacture of the Uninstructed Booby; it is much worse that the system, not content with this mainly negative result, imparts grace to the boys, enabling them to become Offensive Bounders, persons from whom all the generous, noble, and compassionate impulses which become *generosi* are entirely missing. It was not always so: sixty or seventy years ago an “Italian image man” was mobbed by the Rugby boys, and his wares set up for Aunt Sallies and smashed. There was trouble; and a Mr. Hughes, an old Tory squire in Berkshire, wrote in high wrath to his son at the school, pointing out that he who despised and outraged the poor, despised and outraged God’s ordinance in making them so; and also, that it was a gentleman’s chiefest privilege to protect and succour the poor. Mr. Hughes was evidently a politician of an obsolete type. It is not four years since a band of poor strolling players—men and women—were hounded and insulted through the High Street of Harrow by the young disciples of “the tone,” “the ethos,” and “the system.”

ARTHUR MACHEN.

## SCHOOL BOOKS

### GREEK AND LATIN

FOUR new volumes of the *Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis* are before us. Professor S. H. Butcher prefaces his edition of *Demosthenis Orationes* (Vol. II., Part I.) with a brief summary of the four groups of MSS. and a list of the

papyrus and parchment fragments. The volume contains the *Πρὸς Δελφίους*, *Κατὰ Μελίους*, *Κατὰ Ἀρδιστοῦ*, *Κατὰ Ἀριστοκράτους*, *Κατὰ Τιμοκράτους*, *Κατὰ Ἀριστοκράτους α* and *Κατὰ Ἀριστοκράτους β*. The *variae lectiones* and emendations appear in the footnotes. Professor Ellis's introduction to the *Appendix Vergiliana*, sive *Carmina Minora Vergilio adtributa* sums up the sources and value of the "pseudo-Vergil," and he adds full footnotes to his page. This handy edition should be most useful. So also should the complete text of *Hyperides*, edited by Mr. G. Kenyon, of Winchester, with a good preface and list of MSS. Mr. Kenyon has made *Hyperides* in a certain sense his own. The appendix of fragments and quotations from *Hyperides* is thorough and complete. Mr. A. C. Clark's *Q. Asconii Pediani Oratorum Ciceronis Quinque Enarratio* is prefaced by a discussion as to the date of Asconius and a long critical essay on the sources—or rather, source—of the text.

These, however, are not, strictly speaking, school books, though a little variation in the general run of school "authors" might be no bad thing. A good move in this direction is Mr. W. D. Lowe's *Lucretius: A Selection from Book V*. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press). The editor's object is to offer *Lucretius* in a form suitable for the lower classes in schools. The introduction consists of a short account of the life of *Lucretius*, his style and subject matter, and of the philosophy of *Epicurus*. The book should be a relief from the eternal *Vergil* of the fourth form. Yet another school book from the same press is *Select Epigrams of Martial: Books VII.-XII.*, edited from the text of Professor Lindsay by R. T. Bridge, M.A., and E. D. C. Lake, M.A., assistant masters at Charterhouse. The text of the epigrams does not appear between the same covers as the notes. There are introductory chapters upon the life of *Martial*, the nature of the epigram in his hands, and upon the salient features of Roman life in the first century A.D. The notes and a biographical index aim at making clear the point of each epigram, without losing sight of the structure.

Professor E. A. Sonnenschein's edition of *Plautus' Mostellaria*, from the same press, has reached a second edition, which differs in important particulars from the first. Mr. Sonnenschein, acting on the principle that a good emendation is better than an obviously unsound reading, has accepted many emendations where Goetz and Schoell have been content to indicate the text corruption, but balances this by the acceptance as sound of several suspected readings. Discussion of metres is reserved for a separate work. The text is interleaved for convenience in the collection of notes and parallels.

From the Cambridge University Press come two Greek plays and the *Philippics* of *Demosthenes*. Of these, the first is *Jebb's Sophocles' Ajax*, abridged by Mr. A. C. Pearson, in uniformity with Dr. Shuckburgh's abridgement of the other plays. The matter excised is for the most part discussion of alternative views, giving reasons for their rejection, together with some illustrative quotations not vital to the understanding of the text. Mr. Pearson has also edited the *Heraclidae* of *Euripides* for the Pitt Press Series. There are *variae lectiones* in the footnotes, and good explanatory and critical notes at the end of the book. These are not too brief to be intelligible or helpful to the readers for whom they are designed—viz., students in the upper forms of schools and at the University.

*Demosthenes, Philippics I., II., III.*, is also in the Pitt Press Series, and is edited by Professor Gilbert A. Davies. The edition is intended primarily for school use, and Mr. Davies has avoided the full discussion of historical and textual problems. The text used approximates rather to that of Butcher than to that of Blass. There is an excellent historical introduction, and the notes are clear and simple.

Mr. Edward Arnold publishes two elementary books—*The Beginner's Book of Greek* (1s. 6d.), by Douglas H. Marshall, M.A., and *Latin Exercises on Latin Models* (1s.), by A. C. P. Lunn (Headmistress of Brighton and Hove High School). Both have the merit of a certain originality. Mr. Marshall gives his beginner a series of short Greek sentences with translation, from which he is expected to "dig out" the declensions and so on. From the VIIIth Lesson onward the learner battles with *Herodotus*. There are a few explanatory and suggestive remarks interspersed among the exercises. Miss Lunn's exercise book consists of Latin and English sentences taken entirely from Latin authors. The source of the Latin sentence is given in every case. Each exercise is intended to illustrate some grammatical use.

From Messrs. Blackie and Son comes *Excerpta Brevia* (1s. 6d.), by W. H. S. Jones, M.A., and R. Parker Smith, B.A., assistant masters at the Perse School, Cambridge. It is a little book of well selected Latin "unseens," covering a wide range of authors, from *Ennius* to *Justinian*. All vowels

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naturally long have been marked, both in the poetical and prose selections. Part I. is intended for second-year learners, Part II. consists of historical passages arranged in a rough chronological order. It seems a useful little book.

## READERS AND LITERATURE

THE number of books dealing with English Literature in various forms for the benefit of schools and scholars must be regarded as a healthy sign in our much-vexed problem of education. The law which regulates the relation of supply and demand would appear to break down lamentably as soon as it is made to bear upon the output of lesson books; doubtless many volumes are annually produced either to air the idiosyncrasies of the author or to make more complete the educational outfit provided by publishers who specially cater for schools; but when due allowance has been made for all this and the yearly account discounted accordingly, there remains substantial evidence that the study of English in our schools is taking more and more the position which is properly its own. Life is short and the period of school life shorter; a smattering of knowledge is a valuable asset neither as tool nor stimulant; and until Esperanto or some kindred hybrid has entirely supplanted ordinary speech, a desire to cultivate good English as a means of both teaching and learning must be the best thing we can give our children.

(1) In the *Excelsior Poetry Books*, published by Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, we have a capital and carefully-graded selection of verses placed within the reach of all, printed with admirable clearness, free from the incumbrance of notes of any kind, and supplied with a classified table of contents. The earlier numbers deal largely with Nature and her moods, and should form an excellent companion to the lessons in Nature Study which form such a marked feature in modern curricula. We particularly welcome extracts from Whittier and Lowell, and it is quite refreshing to find Carlyle, so often felt to be the father of brutal English, taking his place with poets who speak with simplicity and ease. We are inclined to think that William Blake, commonly described as partly madman, partly poet, is represented by an undue proportion of pieces, and the "Nurse's Song" might well have been omitted by reason of its last line. In our opinion the writing of poetry is a first-rate exercise for children; it cultivates a vocabulary, and teaches the use of the right word in the right place; but the models must be of no undesirable type.

(2) The *Excelsior Readers*, of which we have six volumes before us, are by the same publishers and will, in all probability, be very widely used. The type is all that can be desired, and the illustrations, "in colour and in black-and-white," are effectively reproduced and well chosen. In the later numbers we are glad to see selections from George Eliot, Nathanael Hawthorne, the two Kingsleys, and Ruskin, as well as extracts from such books as "Cranford," "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and "Lorna Doone." We question, however, the wisdom of introducing so much poetry in the earlier numbers; rhythm has a seductive and almost irresistible power of inducing a sing-song intonation in young readers, a very bad habit which, like other bad habits, is hard to unlearn; on the other hand, in the last volume of the series we should have preferred to have the story of Evangeline in Longfellow's original verse, and we cannot imagine how it comes to be indexed as a poetical selection. Each volume concludes with useful "Lists for spelling and word-building," and the last four books have, in addition, "Exercises in English." These latter are excellent in their simplicity, very carefully graded, and capitally suited to help children to express themselves in good English. Another excellent feature in the last two books is the "Simple Aids to Good Reading." Reading is a subject too much neglected, and we all in turn pay the penalty: it is a pity that in this connection the compiler did not lay great emphasis on the absolute necessity of both beginning and ending words distinctly, for it is in this that, to our mind, reading—and singing—most frequently fails. Letter-writing we hold to be a special gift, and as such outside the pale of school cultivation, even if the telegraph and telephone have already almost succeeded in numbering it with the lost arts. The great charm of a good letter lies in its spontaneity, in its being nothing less or more than written talk, and we look upon any attempt to impress a stereotyped form at school as doing harm rather than good. This remark does not apply, or only in a much smaller degree,

to essay-writing, and the hints given on this subject in Books IV. and V. are distinctly helpful. The publishers are to be congratulated on producing a really good series, which deserves to be widely known.

(3) We have dwelt thus long upon these elementary Readers because we feel very keenly the immense value, from an educational point of view, of first impressions, and we are gratified to find that, in logical sequence of thought, we have before us a small volume of an entirely different character. *How to Read English Literature: Dryden to Meredith*, written by Mr. Laurie Magnus, and published by Messrs. Routledge & Sons, is an unassuming book of inestimable value to the young student of English literature, and we feel that we have lost something in having to confess that the volume to which it is a sequel is to us an unknown quantity. The author has put before the reader a high ideal. Poets—and it is with poetry that this little volume chiefly concerns itself—are, like other men, "the unconscious agents of fate"; they are the interpreters of their own times; in obedience to the principle of evolution each succeeding age lays hold of and develops the germ which was latent in that which had gone before, and, in the opinion of our author, "the artistic revelation of human perfectibility has drawn nearer to the goal than the revelation of government and conduct": consequently Mr. Magnus deals "with 'our poetry,' as it followed our history, our national development, our moral growth, our imperial expansion," and the student of literature needs to have something more than a mere surface knowledge of the industrial and social expansion of his country and its people. Mr. Magnus emphasises many of his points with wise insistence, and thereby adds much to the value of his book: the dividing year 1660, Dryden and the word *fratcheur*, Pope's garden, the comparison of Collins and Gray, are ideas you cannot get away from; frequent repetition compels them to be grasped, and the repetition becomes not irritating but fascinating. Readers, young and old, will find the book a very valuable help to a fuller appreciation of English Literature.

THE "literary haggis" has already been referred to in our pages. There can be no doubt that, for the use of schools, it is practically a necessity. The average school child learns poetry by rote, and, we may hope, lives to appreciate what he has acquired at the point of the rod. The terribly uninspiring "School Reader" of early Victorian days is happily a thing of the past, but in spite of the many excellent modern collections we have found few as extensive or as representative as the three volumes of *Readings in English Literature* issued by Mr. John Murray, and edited by E. W. Edmunds, M.A., B.Sc., and Frank Spooner, B.A. [Junior and Intermediate Courses, 2s. 6d., Senior Course, 3s. 6d.]. The present edition covers the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, 1625-1780, and consists of three courses, the junior and intermediate grades being intended for the use of school children, the senior course for older and more advanced students. The editors have endeavoured to include short poems, portions of longer poems and dramas, and extracts from the more important prose works of the day. These three volumes are issued in conjunction with a *Story of English Literature* [3s. 6d.] by the same editors, which covers the period dealt with in the *Readings*. From Mr. Ralph Holland comes a volume of *Bacon's Essays*, conscientiously edited by David Salmon. It includes a life of the author and several short chapters on the history, style, grammar, etc., of the essays. It is intended for the use of school children, and aims at clearness and simplicity of expression rather than at any exhaustive study of the subject.

From Messrs. Macmillan we have received *Aids to the Study and Composition of English*, by J. C. Nesfield, M.A. Assuming that the student has a fair knowledge already of the parts of speech, Mr. Nesfield devotes his first chapters to the "Foundations of English Speech," and divides his book into five parts—Part II., "Studies and Exercises Subsidiary to Composition"; Part III. and IV., "Composition"; Part V., "Aids to the Study of English Literature." The last division is specially interesting, and the author is to be congratulated on the lucidity with which he places the difficult subject of prosody before the student.

From the Cambridge University Press we have a *History of England, for use in Schools*, by Arthur D. Innes, M.A. It is intended for the use of the middle and upper forms of schools, and is carried to the close of the nineteenth century. In a short but interesting preface the author states that he regards the "study of developments rather than that of origins as of primary educational value," and his aim, therefore, has been

"to present the story of the development of England with such fulness and lucidity of detail as to afford an effective test of the student's industry . . . at the same time to arouse his permanent interest by appealing to his imagination and his reasoning powers." Mr. Innes points out the disposition in English histories to neglect the International for the Constitutional aspect, and endeavours in his book to give the student a broad and intelligent outlook on European history in general, and its relations with the English nation. A history written in this spirit cannot fail to be interesting, and the fact that the author has not wasted space and time on irrelevant and unreliable anecdote does not make it less so. Six short summaries form an appendix to the history—a Constitutional summary, an ecclesiastical summary, a summary of Scottish relations, one of Irish relations, an Indian and a Colonial summary. Genealogical tables, a glossary, a chronological summary, and an exhaustive index are also added.

From Messrs. Horace Marshall comes a little book entitled *Illustrative History*, edited by A. Kimpster and G. Home, M.A. [2s. 6d.], intended for class reading. It contains extracts from many of the mediæval chronicles and several interesting facsimiles of manuscripts and illuminations of the period.

A collection of *Ballads and Poems illustrating English History*, edited by Frank Sidgwick [1s. 6d.], has reached us from the Cambridge University Press.

In *The Rime of Time* (Ralph Holland, 6d.) the author, Mr. J. H. P. James, has hit upon a new idea, or rather has utilised an old idea in a new way. He tells us that "from very early times rime has been employed to fix facts in the memory; e.g., 'Thirty days hath September,' etc," and this has been the method adopted by him. With the exception of the notes in small type, the whole of this little skeleton history book has been written in rhyme, with the object of lessening the requisite time that it takes the average student to learn the most important English dates. The following will give an idea of the style of the book:—

The faithless Stephen managed to contrive  
That he, not Maud, was crowned elev'n-three-five.

Again—

The lifeless Rufus in a cart was brought,  
And laid at Winchester, elev'n-nought-nought.

While the book concludes with—

Succeeding Balfour, Campbell-Bannerman,  
His term of office nineteen-five began.

*The Bible Story.* By Helen N. Lawson. (Macmillan and Co., 3s. 6d.) This "book is intended for children of all ages," and "has been written under the old and familiar conviction that there is no training of the young so conducive to the subsequent building up of character on broad and sound foundations as that which is based upon our intimate knowledge of the Story of the Bible." It takes as its secondary title "The Beginnings of the Jewish Church," and relates, for the most part in Bible language, the story of Genesis—i.e., the chief thread of history and revelation from the Creation to the death of Joseph. The volume, however, aims at being something more than a bare historical statement; from time to time it appeals to the Bible as being its own interpreter, and sets forth the progressive nature of the revelation which it contains. To take a case in point, the story of Cain and Abel is followed immediately by the parable of the prodigal son. The spirit which pervades the book is so thoroughly earnest and devout that it disarms criticism, and we shall content ourselves with very brief notes. The idea of heaven as presented by the author is, to our mind, too materialistic, and consequently is calculated to leave a wrong impression on the child's mind. We should also have preferred the text of the Revised Version. Doubtless its language is not so graceful as that of the Authorised Version and it is still far from familiar, but it seems to us foolish to ignore the progress of three centuries. Here and there, too, we might have been allowed greater clearness and words easier of understanding to the child's mind: "Jacob sod pottage" and "Jacob told Rachel that he was her father's brother" may be taken as examples. When this has been said, however, we realise that the book has been written with high endeavour, and we hope it may succeed in impressing upon many readers a high ideal of life.

## FRENCH

THE Oxford Higher French Series is a new departure on the part of the Clarendon Press, in providing annotated editions of books which have hitherto been obtainable only in the original

French texts. An admirable selection of authors seems to have been made, and the introductions, which were originally to have been written in English, have, by a wise decision, been written by French editors in their own native tongue; they are thus characteristic in their treatment, real studies of the authors and their works, and not merely extracts from reference books. The *Poésies Choisies de François Coppée* is introduced by Professor Léon Delbos, M.A., of Oxford, the general editor of the series, who writes with understanding and sympathy of one of the leading "Parnassiens" who included in their ranks such poets as Villiers de l'Isle d'Adam, José Maria de Hérédia, Léon Dierx, Catulle Mendès, and Leconte de Lisle. Within the limits at his disposal the editor has certainly given as general a purview of the works of Coppée as could be expected, and the poems chosen—*La Grève des Forgerons*, *Promenades et Intérieurs*, *Le Fils de Louis Onze*, etc.—are as representative as may be.

Jules Michelet is represented by two volumes—*L'Oiseau* and *La Mer*, the former prefaced by that ripe scholar, Professor Louis Cazamian, of Bordeaux, and the latter by Professor William Robertson, of Edinburgh. The choice seems sound and adequate, for Michelet has, above most writers, that exquisite harmony of prose which is higher and more artistic than much poetry. Taine, in a review of *L'Oiseau*, says: "On dit qu'il y a aujourd'hui trois poètes en France (Alfred de Musset, Lamartine, Victor Hugo), Michelet est le quatrième, et sa prose, pour l'art et le génie, vaut leurs vers." This is high praise, but surely not undeserved. The necessary omissions in *La Mer* are small and comparatively unimportant, and the text follows the *édition définitive* published by Ernest Flammarion.

Perhaps the most welcome inclusion in the series is *Les Journées de Juin, 1848*, by Daniel Stern, that gifted woman whose life became, for a time, linked with the erratic genius of Liszt, and whose daughter Cosima was in turn the wife of Hans von Bülow and then of Richard Wagner. The book is introduced by Madeleine Delbos, and the notes and biographical index at the end of the volume are especially useful and accurate. It would be pleasant to see Daniel Stern's fascinating *Lettres Républicaines* and her *Dante et Goethe* included in the series, for she possessed in an eminent degree that quality which Voltaire expressed when he wrote: "Il en est des livres comme de nos foyers, on va prendre ce feu chez son voisin, on l'allume chez soi, on le communique à d'autres, et il appartient à tous."

## MISCELLANEOUS

*Science through Stories.* By Constance M. Foot. (Charles and Dible, 1s. 6d. net) Here is a little book of stories written with the object of combining knowledge "with amusement for the little folks." The authoress states that the "science introduced is only intended to be of the most elementary character, and suited to the understanding of children from six years of age and upwards." The stories, though necessarily simple, are prettily told, and likely to please the children for whom they are intended.

*School Hygiene:* a handbook for teachers of all grades, school managers, etc. By Herbert Jones. (Dent.) This book consists of two sections, Part I.—The School, and Part II.—The Scholar. The author rightly considers that the study of hygiene ought to be held one of the most important of the teacher's branches of study, whereas it is usually omitted from the curriculum altogether. In this book, therefore, his aim has been to supply the want to some extent at any rate. Part I. deals with the surroundings of the child as they should be with respect to school buildings, sanitation, ventilation, lighting, school furniture, etc., and Part II. treats of the personal hygiene of the child himself. The book is an eminently useful one, and can be recommended to all who are concerned with the education of children.

*A Scientific Geography: Book V.—Africa.* By Ellis W. Heaton. (Ralph Holland, 1s. 3d. net.) This is the fifth of a useful series of six scientific geographies, intended to be supplementary rather than elementary. The author assumes a knowledge of the broad facts of geography on the part of the student, and his aim has been to afford some explanation of the facts. Part I. of the book is recommended to be read in conjunction with good maps, while Part II. is mainly an aid to the student in the making of sketch maps for himself. Useful maps and diagrams illustrate the book, and there is a good glossary of geological terms.

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## FICTION

*The Quest of Geoffrey Darrell.* By ADELEINE SERGEANT. (Methuen, 6s.)

THIS posthumous book, by the writer of so much "popular" fiction, can only be described as a mild attempt at a "shocker." From the description of two of the characters in the first two pages the experienced reader will know exactly what to expect. The portraits—Guy, "a blue-eyed, impetuous, exasperating boy," and Jasper, whose "dark, velvety, brown eyes were long and narrow," but whose other features were purely classic, and as beautiful as those of a Greek statue!—tell their own tales. Mysterious Spaniards, murder, mystery, two or three small sentimental interests, "roses and a ring" (the latter poisoned), are the ingredients which go to make up a story not distinguished in any way from many of its kind.

*Reginald Auberon.* By HORACE WYNNDHAM. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

THE only striking points of this book are negative ones. In reading it we wonder if the author has intended it as a satire, a character study, or merely as an amusing tale. He has scarcely succeeded in any one of these aims, nor has he achieved a tolerable novel, for the book has none of the construction, the definiteness of form which we are accustomed to expect even in the most ordinary of novels. "Reginald Auberon" claims, in its sub-title, to be an "Autobiography of a selfish man," and is prefaced by an imposing motto, but it shows no subtlety of insight, and there is no real attempt at delineation or analysis of character. We are given no presentment of the "selfish man" as a distinct personality, in which such ruthless egoism might conceivably be inherent. He is too crudely, too blindly selfish! He seems merely obtuse, without will-power or motive, and there are no indications by which we can conceive as possible the passion which the four women of the book are represented to have had for him. He is, in fact, a colourless figure, and therefore the various incidents of his career are without the basis which alone could make them significant. The other characters are all equally conventional and devoid of individuality. Still, the book might have been made amusing had it been written lightly and with a sense of humour, but for these qualities the reader will look in vain. As it is, perhaps its one claim to a word of praise is the unpretentious and matter-of-fact manner in which it is written, a manner which stands out in plain relief from the failure of its somewhat pretentious matter, but which hardly redeems it from being merely one of a thousand books which have not justified their existence.

*Delilah of the Snows.* By HAROLD BINDLOSS. (Long, 6s.)

WHEN Mr. Bindloss wrote "Alton of Somasco" and "The Dust of Conflict" we thought him possibly a novelist with a future. Over-production—the bane of the age—has spoilt him, and this last book confirms a suspicion which we entertained before: that he has, to employ a well-worn tag, "written himself out." There was a grace and a virility in his earlier work which we do not find in "Delilah of the Snows." The author's power and grip of his subject seem to have deserted him, and we miss his descriptions of Colonial scenery and more particularly of Colonial life and character. The action drags and halts, and the men and women lack the vigour of their predecessors: which suggests a limitation—a provincialism, as it were—which we did not expect to find in Mr. Bindloss. He

has given us hitherto strong and primitive people of both sexes—people, perhaps, who were a little too strong and a little too primitive to be true to life, but who never lacked individuality and decision. Yet here his characters are anæmic, with flaccid minds and flaccid muscles and—worst of all—flaccid wills. In reviewing a former novel by Mr. Bindloss we warned him against attempting feminine studies. Women elude him; and a wide knowledge of men will never assist him to arrive at a better understanding of them. In "Delilah of the Snows"—a foolish, conventional title—he focusses his camera on two women; and we get, as a result, a vague impression of something that is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. Mr. Bindloss's *forte* is obviously the novel for boys, young and old alike.

*Father Pink.* By ALFRED WILSON-BARRETT. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

IN reviewing a former work by this author, we learn from the advertisements prefixed to "Father Pink," the *Morning Post* remarked: "Mr. Wilson-Barrett has taken his place among the very small band of writers who turn out really interesting fiction." We can only say that Mr. Wilson-Barrett must have changed very much since he "turned-out" "The Silver Pin." A more crude piece of work than the book before us we have seldom been asked to review. The almost childish ingenuousness which characterises it throughout suggests that it may have been written in its author's nonage, and dragged forth ruthlessly by some "damned good-natured friend" or fervid admirer from among the broken idols of boyhood long since relegated to the lumber room. Few boarding-school misses would be guilty of such writing as the first ten pages of this novel. As to the rest, it is dull and—dare we suggest it?—more than a little stupid, and very, very "waesome."

*Uncle Jem.* By HESTER WHITE. (Unwin, 6s.)

"By the author of 'Mountains of Necessity'!" That sentence, left by itself, would, we think, constitute for many of our readers a wholly intelligible review of the book before us. To others, it may be, it would convey little or nothing, and to these we would explain that it is a very amateurish production, totally devoid of any real merit—an opinion we should be more chary of expressing were it not for a certain pretentiousness which proves to be by no means justifiable. On the page following the title we find a quotation from Bacon which speaks as eloquently as that with which we have opened our review—"That which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labour in past matters." It has nothing to do with the story; its error and foolishness need no demonstration; it is as futile as the prologue to this most conventional and wearisome of books. We have no desire to be unkind to the author; there are many worse novels being written and published, and belauded by the newspapers and eagerly read by subscribers to Mudie's on every one of the three hundred odd working days of the year. But in the same way there are many thousand gallons of indifferent wine being bottled and many thousands of inferior cheeses being manufactured every day; and though a certain class of people may demand them all, and be unable to distinguish between them and the superior novel, or wine or cheese, everybody would be the better and nobody would suffer if none of them were obtainable. We see no sign of promise in "Uncle Jem," and we should be doing the author an injustice if we encouraged her to go on writing more of this kind of stuff.

*Tears of Angels.* By CAPTAIN HENRY CURTIES.  
(Sisleys, 6s.)

THIS is the story of a young man of great possessions, an invalid and astronomer, told by himself in a simple, confiding manner, with outbursts of sentiment and the wealth of detail dear to the writer and reader of this ever popular kind of fiction. Cyril Silverton is a devout Roman Catholic; he believes in the influence of good angels, sees visions and dreams—at least, one dream pertinent to the story. He loves the stars, and wonders whether it is true that they are the Tears of Angels, shed for the sins of men, and he is quite a nice amiable boy, except upon one point. He requires that any suitor of his sister, Heather, should possess three hundred thousand pounds, whereas a certain favoured lover can only muster a couple of hundred a year. Here it becomes his good angel's duty to show him the result of a rich and loveless marriage, such as he contemplates for Heather with an American financier. At this stage the reader should refrain from so much as a glance at the end of the volume. Cyril is carried up to a star, the "Half-Way Land," where he is shown souls undergoing purgation—"resting in the solid crystal were human forms, beautiful beyond description in form and colouring." The sisterhood of guardian angels talk in a comfortably commonplace way of their charges, and answer tactfully sundry trite enquiries. "Tears of Angels" is without distinction of any sort—opinions and fancies are child-like and immature; but it is a well-intentioned, honest little story, and offers a skilful combination of worldly and spiritual interest.

*The Return of the Emigrant.* By LYDIA MILLER MACKAY. (Blackwood, 6s.)

IF, as we believe, this is Miss Mackay's first book, we must congratulate her on a careful piece of work, which displays more than promise. The action takes place chiefly in Boronach, a small sea-coast village in the west highlands of Scotland; and here grow up Colin Stewart, the son of Allan Stewart, the ground officer, and Barabel Grant, the daughter of Angus the Bard, whom Colin's father has forced to emigrate. The boy becomes an orphan when he is eleven, and is left in the care of his grandmother, whose continued existence proves a serious obstacle to his success when, having shown talent at school, there is a question of his going to college. Meanwhile, Barabel (whose curious name is hardly musical to our ears) has been educated as a lady with funds sent from America by her father, a proceeding which interferes with the progress of Colin's half-boyish passion for her. Colin's grandmother dying, Colin having proposed and been refused, goes to Edinburgh, and after a while makes a name as a speaker and writer in the interests of the poor. He is then put forward as Liberal candidate for Parliament for his native district, but finds a powerful opponent in Barabel's father, who has returned from America to buy Boronach, with an unallayed hatred for Colin's dead father and all his kin. This is a bald statement of the plot, for the conclusion of which we must refer readers to Miss Mackay's book; but it does injustice to her pleasant treatment of her story and her happy characterisation. In Colin Stewart she gives us a hero who has the rare merit of being heroic and at the same time natural, and her minor characters—notably Mr. Rory, the sternly Puritanical minister beloved of his flock, and Dr. Bowden, the brilliant gentleman broken through drink—are all well done. Only Angus Bard fails to convince us, as do always the men and women of long hatreds, of whom Dickens was so prodigal. The authoress describes the uncouth and superstitious natives with intimate knowledge and sympathy, and incidentally leaves us with a clear impression of a rather grey part of the kingdom. Miss Mackay has the gift of writing.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE HOLY GRAIL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Machen, if I mistake not, will not be disinclined to foregather for a while with a fellow quester, and to consider with him the paths he has tracked through the devious mazes of the Grail forest, and the clues that seem to him to lead to the unveiling of all the mysteries of the Grail. I have read with the greatest interest Mr. Machen's three articles; they are full of acute and sympathetic criticism; they illuminate and, in many ways, really advance our knowledge. I am grateful to Mr. Machen for them, and I can best, it seems to me, show my gratitude by giving them close and searching attention.

It may be well to premise, for the sake of readers less well-informed than Mr. Machen, that the complex of Grail romances resolves itself into two main elements, one definitely Christian in character and mainly (though whether entirely is a moot question) of Christian origin, another which, if Christian in origin (again a moot point), most certainly presents itself in the romances in most un-Christian guise. As regards this latter, I claim to have shown that it originated and largely developed in an un-Christian world of conception and fancy which finds its nearest parallel in the mythic and heroic literature of Celtdom. With the exception of a couple of scholars who, having once expressed a contrary opinion, think it concerns their honour to shut their eyes and deny the sun at midday, my demonstration has been practically accepted by all students, and is now practically accepted (though some expressions might lead the unknowing reader to doubt it) by Mr. Machen. For, if his various statements with regard to the pagan elements in the romances are carefully examined, they will be found to cover well-nigh all the claims I have ever made in vindication of the part played by Celtic pre-Christian fancy in shaping the Grail cycle. One observation of his I would especially single out for its pregnant character, that which regards the relics of the Celtic saints as "in reality the sanctified successors of tribal palladia, of certain objects which, *mutatis mutandis*, had exercised the same powers, and commanded a like veneration in heathen times" (p. 822). If there is any force in my parallel between the talismans of the Grail castle—Grail and Lance and Sword—and the talismans of the Tuatha de Dannan (the Irish gods)—Cauldron and Spear and Sword—Mr. Machen's sentence might be taken as quintessencing my contentions. I am also much struck by his claim that the Head which figures in the Grand Saint Graal account of the Grail worship is related to the Venerable Head of Brán. The suggestion is a bolder one than at present I am prepared to accept, diffident as I am in drawing conclusions in favour of my views, however strong the evidence appears to be.

If we turn now to the Christian element, there are two main views respecting its nature. The one, dominant twenty years, regarded it as belonging wholly to the twelfth century, as derived from texts (canonical, apocryphal and legendary) known to us at first hand, and, as disconnected, save in a purely formal and unessential way, with Celtdom. I was never able to admit this view, and in so far as I considered the Christian element at all (my chief object being to display and illustrate the non-Christian element) urged that it took shape in Britain and was conditioned in its growth by British surroundings and events. This is also Mr. Machen's opinion; and he (laying stress upon the Christian as I laid stress upon the non-Christian element) has made the same claim for Celtic Christianity as I made for Celtic pre-Christianity. Both he and I had precursors in this respect; he has mentioned M. Paulin Paris; he might also have mentioned M. Th. H. de la Villemarqué and M. Potvin, who wrote before the appearance of my *Studies*; whilst since then Mr. Wardle, in *Y Cymmrodor*, and Miss D. Kemp, in her introduction to the E.E.T.S. edition of the fifteenth century version of the Grand St. Graal, have done valuable and suggestive work in this connection. But Mr. Machen has not only focussed the evidence with all the skill of an artist in letters: he has definitely elaborated the theory "that the Romances celebrate and glorify the curious and ancient quarrel between Roman and Celtic Christianity" in a way that carries it far beyond the point at which it was left by M. Potvin. In endeavouring to estimate the value of this theory, I am compelled to enter into some consideration of the way in which have been preserved the diverse elements which figure in the Grail Romance.

These latter are products of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Now, Celtic Christianity, as an organisation, had

disappeared alike in Ireland and Wales by the year 800 A.D.; Welsh paganism, as an organisation, had almost certainly disappeared by the year 450 A.D., Irish paganism by the year 650 A.D. (this late date allowing for the possible reaction which some of the stories connected with Guaire and Senchan Torpeist seem to hint at). If, then, in the French twelfth-century romances we find specific Celtic traces, it would, at first sight, seem more reasonable to refer them to Celtic Christianity, which lived, as an organisation, into the ninth century, rather than to Celtic pre-Christianity, which had ceased to exist centuries before. And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, the contrary is the case. Of the specifically Celtic features it was the pre-Christian rather than the Christian which stood a chance of surviving into the twelfth century. Nor is the reason far to seek. The heathen myth, voided of its animating concept, lived on as a story, and might in that shape preserve its outline and framework substantially unaltered. Alike in Wales and in Ireland, stories continued to be told down to far beyond the twelfth century which are manifestly of pre-Christian mythic origin. The divine *dramatis personæ* have been humanised or heroised, incidents that conflicted too much with the new faith have been eliminated or modified, but substantially the story persisted, and yielded the twelfth-century minstrel a fixed sequence of incidents, which, as a rule, he respected alike because it was easier than not for him to do so, because the stories were first-rate examples of narrative, and the minstrel generally knew a good story when he saw it. The chief fault, indeed, of the twelfth-century French romances is not so much that they distort the original Celtic plot (though sometimes they do with disastrous results), as that they swamp it in an endless wash of repetition and irrelevant detail. Thus it happens that we can often parallel, in well-nigh the same sequence, incident for incident of the twelfth-century French romances and the centuries older Celtic tale, the differences between the two being external (manners, costumes, social life, etc.) rather than internal.

As regards the specifically Celto-Christian traits and features, we must make a distinction. Although Celtic Christianity ceased to exist as a separate organisation by the ninth century, the literature which it produced survived as a living, plastic thing. Mr. Machen has well pointed out that the Welsh Saints' Lives, which we possess in twelfth-century versions, betray a far earlier origin, both as regards context and form. There is thus no reason for doubting the possibility of a French romance writer even as late as the thirteenth century, coming in contact with a literature permeated and animated by the spirit of Celtic Christianity. Nay, more; it so happens that on Celtic soil the process had already begun of turning legend into romance. The *Navigatio Brendani* stands in a different category from the early lives of Patrick, or Columba, or Brigit, or David, or Samson; it is not so much that it is fuller of miracle (that could hardly be), but in a way that is apparent at once to the attentive reader—whilst the one class of narrative aims at being a record of fact, the other is avowedly religious fiction. When, therefore, Miss Kemp traces many incidents in the Grand St. Graal to the Brendan literature, when Mr. Machen urges (p. 799) that "the journeys of the Celtic monks may well have had some share in the Quest of the Knights of the Graal," I am perfectly ready to agree. Indeed, it must now be regarded as past doubt that the Christian portion of the Grail complex is as permeated with the spirit of Celtic Christian legend as the non-Christian portion is with the spirit of Celtic pre-Christian saga.

But when Mr. Machen takes his further step, then doubt begins to assert itself in my mind. The Celtic hagiological legend and romance that survived into the twelfth century, though differing in tone and spirit from that of the remainder of the Catholic Church, yet displayed nothing antagonistic thereto. A very searching analysis of the early Saints' Lives does, it is true, reveal to the historical critic an ecclesiastical and social organisation profoundly differing from that of the Roman Church—at all events, in the twelfth century. But the differences are such as would be unintelligible—indifferent, anyhow—to the man of the twelfth century. Nothing in them would savour of heterodoxy to him. But Mr. Machen's hypothesis demands the survival into the twelfth century, not alone of mere traces, or even of unconnected and incoherent incidents, but of a definite sequence of incidents, forming a distinct plot and exhibiting and symbolising a vital difference between Celtdom and Rome; a plot, therefore, essentially heterodox in the eyes of the twelfth century. For, note, Mr. Machen's hypothesis requires not only that the assumed features of the lost Celtic liturgy had been worked up into a

romantic form *before* the period of the French romances, but that this had been done as a kind of last protest on the part of Celtic Christianity. In other words, it must have been elaborated whilst there was still definite consciousness on the Celtic side of the reality and magnitude of the points at issue with Rome. I do not see how, if Mr. Machen follows up his own suggestions to their logical issue, he can avoid dating back the Galahad story, in some form, to the tenth or ninth century. Potvin and de la Villemarqué were quite ready to do this. But I think Mr. Machen would hesitate, and I am sure the majority of Grail students would, on the present evidence, refuse assent.

Let me not be misunderstood. I have no *à priori* quarrel with Mr. Machen's hypothesis as regards the formation of the legend. Grant his assumption of a Celtic Eucharistic rite kin to that of the Eastern Church, and I recognise in the inevitable ensuing conflict between this and the Roman rite sufficient ground for the elaboration and perpetuation (so long as the conflict lasted) of such a legend as he postulates. But how did it reach the twelfth-thirteenth-century writer of the *Queste* as an organic whole? How was it preserved among a people which, in this respect, had long since conformed to Roman orthodoxy? And if it did not reach the writer of the *Queste* as an organic whole, must we suppose that he, a Norman, knew enough about the ancient conflict (a wild surmise)—or (yet wilder surmise, if he perchance *did* know) sympathised sufficiently with the long dead Celtic Church, to give it the shape he did? The more definitely Mr. Machen traces in the Galahad story, as we have it, the faded lineaments of a conflict then four centuries old, the more improbable does the hypothesis seem. Its very logical perfectness impales it on one or other of the horns of the dilemma set forth above.

On the other hand, the hypothesis does undoubtedly account for that heterodox element in the Grail Romances which is not the least puzzling of the many enigmas they present. When I began the study of the legend twenty-five years ago, the dominant critical view took as little account of this heterodox Christian element as it did of the non-Christian mythic element; it treated both as meaningless freaks, due to the ignorance and ill-regulated fantasy of the romance writers. Such a view always seemed to me untenable. There must, I held, and hold, be a reasonable explanation for this feature in these romances. An hypothesis which offers such an explanation thus finds me biased in its favour; and if I reject it, it is only because the objection I have stated seems to me fatal. If I am called to account, satisfactorily, for this perplexing element, I confess my inability. But I think Mr. Machen has been over-hasty in rejecting the Temple explanation. I quite agree that an infinity of nonsense has been talked about the Templars, as about all subjects which get into the hands of the occultists. But that is no reason for shutting one's eyes to facts. It is a fact that there is a Crusading, Eastern element in the Grail Romance complex, and that this element stands in some connection, ill-defined and obscure it may be, yet certain, with the Temple body. Moreover, although it is safe to treat the charges trumped up by King and Pope as malignantly exaggerated, still the evidence for an esoteric, heretical doctrine among the Templars is by no means so slight as Mr. Machen asserts. Nor do I understand what he means by styling this alleged heresy "distinctly anti-Sacramental." In the sense of Christian orthodoxy, it is undoubtedly, but not in a wider sense. Is it, then, quite impossible that a Sacramental doctrine, which, in the case of certain members of the body, had a definitely anti-Christian outcome, might, with others, result in a Christian hyper-Sacramental teaching? Mr. Machen apparently forgets that where the Grail Romances must have seemed most questionable to the "sound" ecclesiastic of the day is in their glorification of a priesthood constituted outside of, and without reference to, the official Church *cudres*. Is not this, *à priori*, what might be expected from an over-enthusiastic adherent of the Temple?

I am rather puzzled by Mr. Machen's statement that "we have had treatises to show that Adonis is somehow concerned in the story of the Sangraal." Indeed! I am aware that a paper by Miss Weston will shortly appear in *Folk Lore*, entitled "The Grail and the Rites of Adonis." Has Mr. Machen fore-knowledge of its contents and has it multiplied itself in his mind? I cannot, from Mr. Machen's point of view, account for his hostility to what he calls the Covent Garden theory—i.e., the Mannhardt-Frazer view that the agricultural rites for the fostering of vegetable life, together with the conceptions on which those rites were based, have profoundly affected the mythological protoplasm out of which myth,

romance and legend were to develop. For these animating conceptions these symbolic rites are distinctly Sacramental.

If Mr. Machen will recall his own words about the Christian relic exercising the *same* power and commanding the *same* veneration as its heathen prototype, he may perhaps admit that a Christian hyper-Sacramental legend, if resting at all upon a pre-Christian basis (and he fully recognises that it does so rest), is most likely to find such a basis in myths which themselves are, in their essence, Sacramental.

ALFRED NUTT.

#### PAINTERS AS CRITICS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reference to Mr. A. Clutton-Brock's letter of August 31, may I point out that most of the best art criticism of this or any other time has come from artists—e.g., Michael Angelo, Reynolds, Ruskin, Millet, MacColl, Fry, Rodin, Degas, Clausen, etc., etc.

Mr. Clutton-Brock informs us that "Mr. Baker thinks that only a painter can judge pictures." I don't know how Mr. Clutton-Brock arrives at this super-subtle knowledge of what Mr. Baker thinks. What Mr. Baker says is:

An artist who is possessed of an exquisite catholicity of taste and an extensive and thoughtful intimacy with pictures is *most* in a position to criticise justly and with illumination.

The italics are mine. By the way, how Mr. Brock does juggle with Mr. Baker's italics; he puts his "sure" back into ordinary type, and quotes a whole line as being in italics, although only the word "real" was so used by Mr. Baker, producing thereby much the same effect as do some restorers with some pictures. May one ask on what grounds Mr. Clutton-Brock bases his assumption that painting is now a degenerate art?

If, as regards a picture, the critic can "in words . . . explain what it expresses," why paint the picture at all? Why any painters? Why not a row of cosy lecterns in lieu of pictures, wherefrom each self-dubbed art critic shall

—Spout and spout and spout

In one weak, washy, everlasting flood?

But hear, O Israel! Listen again to Mr. Clutton-Brock:

A painter must study anatomy if he is to express anything through his drawing of the human figure—one must always know facts thoroughly before one can express anything through them.

And yet Ingres never learned anatomy, nor did he advise his pupils to do so; and I believe the general consensus of opinion amongst those best qualified to judge is that he did express something through his drawing of the human figure. As for knowing a fact thoroughly, such knowledge has never been the lot of any man, anywhere, at any time—unless, perhaps, amongst Mr. Clutton-Brock's painters who have achieved the astounding feat of "imitating reality." Mr. Brock says: "A good painter's opinion about pictures must always have weight." Here we do really seem to arrive at something, and we are duly grateful for so pure a crystal of original thought, cut and polished into so priceless an apophthegm. If only the spirit of aposiopesis had here descended upon him, how grateful we should have been. In conclusion, what *does* Mr. Clutton-Brock mean by "bad art"? There is bad painting, there is bad acting, bad piano playing, but what, in the name of *netteté*, is "bad art"?

AN ART STUDENT.

#### POETRY AND MORALITY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to the discussion as to the relation between poetry and morality, I thought it might be of interest to quote Cardinal Newman's ideas on the subject. He says: "Poetry is originality energising in the world of beauty. The originality of grace, purity, refinement, and good feeling. . . . With Christians, a poetical view of things is a duty—we are bid to colour all things with hues of faith, to see a Divine meaning in every event, and a superhuman tendency."

Turning to the question as to whether music or meaning come first in poetry, it seems to me that in a perfect poem meaning and expression are inseparable; one is not more important than the other, because each is interpreted by the other, and if the poet's words are translated part of his meaning is inevitably lost.

Only in their very highest attainment is this intimate union between sound and the emotion or thought expressed ever reached by poets. More often the vision of beauty finds imperfect expression, or the music of the language lacks the soul

which alone can truly vitalise it. Donne (for all the magical beauty of certain of his lines) is an example of the former imperfection, Tennyson of the latter, though with glorious exceptions.

May I, in conclusion, be permitted to differ from Miss Talbot in her statement that "uninspired Keats" is represented by "Autumn may be seen by anyone seeking her, sitting in a granary with wind-blown hair," etc.

I venture to doubt that an uninspired writer would personify autumn in this way. Even stated in bald prose, the conception is that of a poet.

With every good wish for the continued success of THE ACADEMY, which I read with great pleasure,

September 8.

W. SEYTON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With regard to discussions in THE ACADEMY on the essential nature of poetry, there is a French saying that, with a change of noun, seems to me to apply exactly:

Quand on me demande ce que c'est que Dieu, je l'ignore; quand on ne me le demande pas, je le sais très-bien.

And this power to distinguish true poetry may reside with many who nevertheless contribute weekly to your waste-paper basket, hoping, in the scarcity of true poetry, that their rhymes may do as well as another's.

It seems to me that those magical lines—that seem not made, but born—are rather like butterflies. The more they are considered in their proper surroundings the more lovely they appear, but they cannot be passed, however tenderly, from hand to hand without a loss at least of the down upon their wings.

A. B.

September 2.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am quite sure that if we can arrive at a common understanding of the sense in which we use the words "morality" and "morals," it will be found that Miss Ethel Talbot and myself are not as fundamentally at variance as would at first sight appear.

First, however, in fairness to the argument, let me point out that the fact that a specific work of art "has not any bearing at all upon morals," does not put that work of art "outside morality"—at any rate, in the sense in which I use the words—and that when Miss Ethel Talbot says "Art that can be immoral is not art at all," she is herself asserting morality to be the criterion whereby true art must be judged.

But I will try and indicate what I mean when I use the word "morality," and that may clear the ground a little. I do *not* mean a conventional code of manners, but rather a fundamental law of life. I quite agree that it is not the function of Art to teach or even "to bear upon morals." Indeed, it seems to me that sort of idea is a case of *встрепов морепов*, or putting the cart before the horse. I would say that morality informs all Art, but it is no part of the business of Art to teach morality.

Arnold points out in the essay which has been cited:

If what distinguishes the greatest poets is their powerful and profound application of ideas to life, which surely no good critic will deny, then to prefix to the term ideas here the term moral makes hardly any difference, because human life itself is in so preponderating a degree moral; and curiously enough Mr. G. Herring, in his interesting letter which appears on the same page as that of Miss Ethel Talbot's in the current issue of THE ACADEMY, quotes Prof. Brandes:

The determining quality of the true artist is that by means of his art he expresses his own ideal of life; which is surely saying much the same thing.

*Apropos* of Browning, Miss Ethel Talbot exactly describes my feeling towards him, if by "to free himself from," she means to say "to digest or assimilate." The result would have been, perhaps, more moral poetry, less poetic moralising.

To collect the "loose ends" of the discussion—Mr. Clutton-Brock has pointed out the amount of deep thinking (on life) that must be done before pure poetry is produced, and J. A. Symonds—whom I quoted—agreed (I am sorry I cannot at the moment quote the passage) that Matthew Arnold was right.

I do not think I need notice the apparently intentionally discourteous letter of your other correspondent, beyond asking, Was Byron an artist? Was not Shakespeare a moralist? "If not, the less Shakespeare he!" I notice, however, that while he complacently describes his own contribution as "breaking a lance," he likens mine to "heaving a brick." I think I may

safely leave you, sir, and your readers, to decide whether the epithets are rightly distributed. I hasten to add that, if Miss Ethel Talbot adopted the same view as that set out in his letter, I sincerely apologise to her and disclaim any such intention as is attributed to me therein.

W. BENNETT.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have read Mr. E. Wake Cook's letter under the title "A Defence of the Art Critic," also appearing in the current ACADEMY. It seems to me to contain a very relevant contribution to the matter here under discussion, and I should like, if I may, to express my appreciation of Mr. Wake Cook's clear exposition of his view. Will Miss Ethel Talbot accept this proposition?—Art, even in its highest manifestations, may be, and perhaps generally is, non-moral in deliberate intention; it is (almost) always moral in its origin.

September 8.

# LES MYSTERES DE LIVERPOOL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I point out that the adjective "perdurable," to the use of which, in the book "Liverpool" (text by me, illustrations by Mr. Hamilton Hay), your reviewer takes exception, is by no means "archaic," as he suggests, but has, on the contrary, rather unusual claims to modernity. For it suffered at the beginning of the nineteenth century a kind of resurrection, and its employment from then until the present (I speak on the authority of Murray) has been much more frequent than ever before.

This slip would, of course, be too slight for indication; but it is bound up with a series of coincidences so curious in character, that I would beg a few additional lines of your space for the purpose of pointing them out.

On the 11th ult. there appeared in your columns a letter, signed "Liverpolitan," protesting indignantly against the incompetent methods of reviewing pursued by a certain Liverpool daily. That letter (by a chain of argument of which I need here say no more than that it was entirely fallacious) the Liverpool daily in question ended by attributing to me; and accordingly, when my book, a few days later, came into its hands for review, it seized the opportunity to wreak a horrid vengeance. Its article attempted to scarify the book by the aid of the old trick of transposed quotations, isolated epithets, and so forth. Partly through ignorance, partly through an inability to use the method with sufficient dexterity, the result, though amusing enough, was not particularly crushing; and the real *raison d'être* of the attack was ingenuously made apparent, even to the outsider, not only by the references it contained to "Liverpolitan's" letter in your columns, but also by the significant fact that, although (as your reviewer very justly points out) Mr. Hamilton Hay's illustrations are the chief feature in the volume, this laborious "critical" effort passed not a single word of comment upon them.

That incident alone, as an example of the methods of certain provincial reviewers, is entertaining enough. But now comes the curious feature of the affair.

Your own reviewer deprecates (and again, I have no doubt, with some degree of justice—I am, sincerely, altogether grateful for his comments) certain stylistic mannerisms discoverable in the text. He quotes nine brief phrases as examples of the sort of thing he means. *These nine phrases are precisely the quotations already used by the provincial.*

Further, out of the entire volume, he singles a solitary epithet for praise. *Precisely this epithet is extracted by the provincial.*

Further, one of the nine phrases was slightly misquoted by the provincial. *Precisely the same misquotation appears in your review.*

Finally, the provincial reviewer made the mistake of calling "perdurable" obsolete. Your own writer, as I have already pointed out, makes exactly the same mistake.

It would naturally be rather comforting to me to suppose that the articles were the work of the same hand, or that your own reviewer had been queerly influenced by the attitude of the testy provincial; but the first of these suppositions is obviously untenable, and the second, if only because of the manifestly uncritical intention of the provincial article, seems utterly incredible. It is as a batch of mysterious coincidences, therefore, that the whole thing must be regarded. And the colours of the mystery are deepened still further by the fact that the only other at all unfavourable criticism which has yet appeared shares this strange resemblance, and seems to display an equal superficial dependence upon the prior efforts of the provincial.

September 3.

DIXON SCOTT.

# WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In vindication of Madame Roland's memory, may I point out that her deeds were better than her words. In words she may have advocated the subjection of women, but it is amusing to find that a woman who said her sex should have no power save that of passive "inspiration"—whatever "passive" inspiration may be—should have herself gone twice to the National Assembly and each time accepted their invitation to share the honours of the sitting. (See Sergent Marceau's Memoirs.) Indeed, her personal active interference in public affairs is notorious. Her stormy, showy, ambitious career gave in every possible way the lie to the adulatory and servile words quoted by Mr. Rivers, which no doubt served their purpose in her intercourse with the vainest of all people, political leaders. You might just as well take them seriously as you would take seriously the flowery and even grovelling dedications to noble lords and patrons which you will find signed by very proud names in the literature of the past. These people did not really think themselves inferior. They were practical writers, and wanted to please the powerful.

Madame Roland did not really think herself inferior, but she was a practical politician, and understood that, as Blaker says, "Sneaking submission knows how to live." But even if, in the exigencies of political diplomacy, she may have swerved for once from the narrow road of noble independence and pride, is there any politician in the world who has not done so? If so, let him cast the first stone at her.

The record of a life can surely not be cancelled by the writing of one unworthy letter. And women Suffragists may be forgiven for thinking that the deeds and sufferings of her adventurous political career speak louder and are more impressive than the cringing tone and manifestly insincere attitude of self-depreciation which she once adopted, no doubt to disarm jealousy, or for what she considered a sound reason of expediency. In that supreme moment, when she met her death on the scaffold (mainly as the result of the political action of another woman—Charlotte Corday), the thought uppermost in her mind seems to have been the thought of Liberty. It remains for this generation to say that it was "for men only."

EVA GORE BOOTH.

# "SILLY SEASONING II."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I fancy there must have been an exceptionally silly season in 1784, when Mr. Ayscough's *Biographical Dictionary* was published. How otherwise could it contain historical and critical accounts of Felicia Hemans, born in 1793, or of Martin Farquhar Tupper, born in 1810? Robert Southey, born in 1774, was only ten, and James Montgomery, born in 1771, was only thirteen—so how either of them could at that age be included amongst the most eminent persons passes my comprehension.

Further, Mr. Ayscough should have remembered that Macaulay's Montgomery was not James, but Robert, the author of *Satan*—a very different person. I am afraid of being garrulous, yet I should like to confess that I still love the simple verses of James Montgomery upon "Prayer," which attracted me so much in my boyhood, and think they deserve immortality as the expression of a feeling common to a vast proportion of humanity. When the poet died, in 1854, the town of Sheffield, in spite of the excitement of the Crimean War, gave him a public funeral, which attracted almost as great a crowd as that which welcomed the declaration of peace in 1856. I was present at the funeral, and, being a hero-worshipper in those days, used often to go and look at the beautifully situated house where James Montgomery died. Alas! where are the enthusiasms of fifty years ago?

G. RAE FRASER.

September 10.

# "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have just seen the note in your issue of the 31st ult. on the subject of Christian Science, and I am sure you will permit me to endeavour to make clear the difference between "doctor's stuff" and "food stuff," between "quinine" and "tea."

Christian Science teaches that the effect of all these on the human body is the result of the belief attached to them, and

that consequently, speaking absolutely, there is no difference between them. The relative force, however, of these beliefs varies very considerably. No one presumably believes that quinine is necessary to existence, but the entire world believes that food is. The Christian Scientist, therefore, who overcomes fever without resorting to the use of quinine, merely proves that it is possible to heal without the use of a drug; the Christian Scientist who succeeded in doing without food would have triumphed over death. Paul wrote to the Church at Corinth: "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

The Christian Scientist makes no claim to be doing anything more than striving for the mind that was in Christ Jesus. He is at present thinking very much as a child, speaking very much as a child, understanding very much as a child, but he is at least struggling to put away childish things, that he may grow "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

FREDERICK DIXON.

[If "Christian Science" teaches, as Mr. Dixon avers, that the effects produced by various material substances on the human body are a matter of belief, then "Christian Science" teaches a doctrine which is palpably and demonstrably untrue. Given a certain dose of prussic acid, given its introduction into the system, then death will inevitably follow, though the recipient have never heard of prussic acid, though he may not have the faintest suspicion that he is taking anything but a bottle of stout or a glass of port. There is, of course, a right end to the stick which "Christian Science" grasps so firmly by the wrong end; but the Power of the Imagination and the Rewards of Sanctity are serious questions, not to be discussed in connection with a sect which is, intellectually, disreputable.—EDITOR.]

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### EDUCATIONAL

- Readings in English Literature.* By E. W. Edmunds and Frank Spooner. Junior Course, 2s. 6d. Intermediate Course, 2s. 6d. Senior Course, 3s. 6d. Murray.
- The Story of English Literature.* Volume II. Murray, 3s. 6d.
- La Jalousie du Barbouillé and Le Médecin volant.* Comedies by J. B. Poquelin Molière. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.
- French Commercial Practice Connected with the Export and Import Trade.* By James Graham and George A. S. Oliver. Macmillan, 4s. 6d.
- School Hygiene.* A Handbook for Teachers and School Managers by Herbert Jones. Dent, 2s.

### FICTION

- Maartens Maarten. *The New Religion.* Methuen, 6s.
- Cleeve Lucas. *The Confessions of a Widow.* White, 6s.
- Kernahan, Mrs. Coulson. *A Case for the Courts.* White, 6s.
- Herbertson, J. L. *Mortal Men.* Heinemann, 6s.
- Francis, M. E. *Margery O' the Mill.* Methuen, 6s.
- Lorimer Norma. *The Pagan Woman.* Chatto & Windus, 6s.
- Sims, George R. *The Mystery of Mary Anne, etc.* Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.
- Warden, Florence. *My Lady of Whims.* Chatto & Windus, 6s.
- Cleeve, Lucas. *The Fool's Tax.* Unwin, 6s.

### MISCELLANEOUS

- Uren, J. G. *Scilly and the Scillonians.* Western Morning News, 6s. net.
- Calendar of Letter-Books preserved among the Archives of the Corporation of the City of London at the Guildhall.* Letter-Book H. Edited by Reginald R. Sharpe. London: Francis, n.p.
- Browne, Haji A. *Bonaparte in Egypt.* Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.
- Widney, Joseph P. *Race Life of the Aryan Peoples.* In 2 vols. Funk & Wagnalls, \$4.00 net.
- Jackson, Holbrook. *Bernard Shaw.* Grant Richards, 5s. net.
- La Suisse Intime.* Par H. Gutjahr. Paris: H. Daragon, 3 fr. 50 c. net.

### POETRY

- Loughran, Edward Booth. *The Ivory Gate.* Robertson, n.p.

### REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- The Peep of Day.* Religious Tract Society, 1s.
- Clarendon Press, n.p.
- Demosthenis Orationes.* Tomi II. Pars I. Oxford: The Plaute Mostellaria. Edited, with notes explanatory and critical, by Edward A. Sonnenschein. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, n.p.
- Mason, A. E. W. *Clementina.* Nelson, 8d.
- Castle, Agnes and Egerton. *If Youth but Knew.* Nelson, 8d.
- Arnold, Matthew. *Essays in Criticism.* Routledge, 1s. net.
- The History of England.* From the Accession of James the Second. By Lord Macaulay. Edited with Introduction and Notes by T. F. Henderson. Routledge, 5s. net.
- Les Journées de Juin 1848.* By Daniel Stern. Edited by Madeleine Delbos. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d. net.
- La Mer.* By Jules Michelet. Edited by William Robertson. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. net.
- Short Stories on Great Subjects.* In 5 volumes. By J. A. Froude. Longmans, 2s. each net.
- A Handbook to the Works of William Shakespeare.* By Morton Luce. Bell, 6s.
- Ruskin, John. *The Political Economy of Art.* With an Introduction by C. F. G. Masterman. Cassell, 6d.
- Follwell, Percy. *The Book of the Chrysanthemum.* Lane, 2s. 6d., net.
- The True Travels and Adventures of Captain John Smith into Europe, Asia, Africa and America.* Edited, with an Introduction, by Alex. J. Philip. Routledge, 1s. net.
- Leviathan, or the Matter, Form and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil.* By Thomas Hobbes. Routledge, 1s. net.
- Ruskin, John. *Sesame and Lilies, etc.* Dent, 1s. net.
- De La Pasture, Mrs. Henry. *Deborah of Tods.* Smith, Elder, 3s. 6d.
- Beckett, Reginald A. *Romantic Essex.* Dent, 2s. net.
- Sylvandire, Chauvelin's Will, The Brigand and the Horoscope.* By Alexandre Dumas. Dent, 2s. 6d. net each.
- Conrad, Joseph. *An Outcast of the Islands.* Unwin, 6s.
- Gleig, the Rev. C. R. *The Life of Robert, First Lord Clive.* Murray, 2s. 6d. net.
- St. John, Charles. *The Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands.* Murray, 2s. 6d. net.
- Hakluytus Posthumus Purchas His Pilgrimes.* By Samuel Purchas. Volume xx. 9 x 5½. Pp. 415. Glasgow: MacLehose, n.p.
- Companions of my Solitude.* By Sir Arthur Helps. Edited by E. A. Helps. *Constitutional and other Essays.* By Lord Macaulay. *Songs of Ancient Rome.* By Lord Macaulay. *Past and Present.* By Thomas Carlyle. *The Last Days of a Condemned.* By Victor Hugo. 6½ x 3½ each. Routledge, 1s. net each.
- Essays on Addison by Macaulay and Thackeray with twelve essays by Addison.* Edited by G. E. Hadow. 7½ x 5. Pp. 152. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2s.

### THEOLOGY

- Guidance for Men.* Twelve Instructions by H. W. Holden. S.P.C.K., 2s.
- Staley, Vernon. *The Liturgical Year.* An explanation of the Origin, History and Significance of the Festival Days and Fasting Days of the English Church. Mowbray, n.p.
- The Book of Job.* With an introduction by G. K. Chesterton. 6½ x 5. Pp. 94. Wellwood, 6s. net.
- Buckle, Henry. *The After Life.* A Help to a Reasonable Belief in the Probation Life to come. 9 x 5½. Pp. 294. Elliot Stock, 7s. 6d. net.
- Origen the Teacher.* Being the address of Gregory the Wonder-worker to Origen, together with Origen's Letter to Gregory. Translated with Introduction and Notes by William Metcalfe. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 96. S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.
- Doctrina Romanensium de Invocatione Sanctorum.* By the Rev. H. F. Stewart. With an Introduction by the Bishop of Salisbury. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 111. S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.
- Mitchell, Elizabeth Harcourt. *Prayer Book Saints and Holy Days.* 6½ x 4. Pp. 124. S.P.C.K., 1s.
- "Sound Words."* Their Form and Spirit. Addresses on the English Prayer Book by George Edward Jelf. 8 x 5½. Pp. 256. S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d.

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